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The Late, Great Society

The Editors

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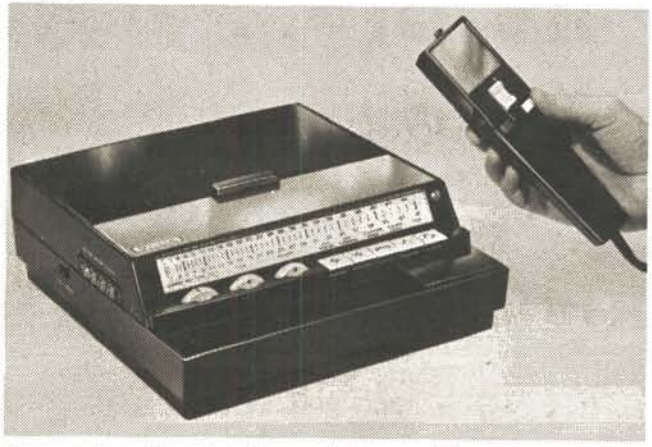

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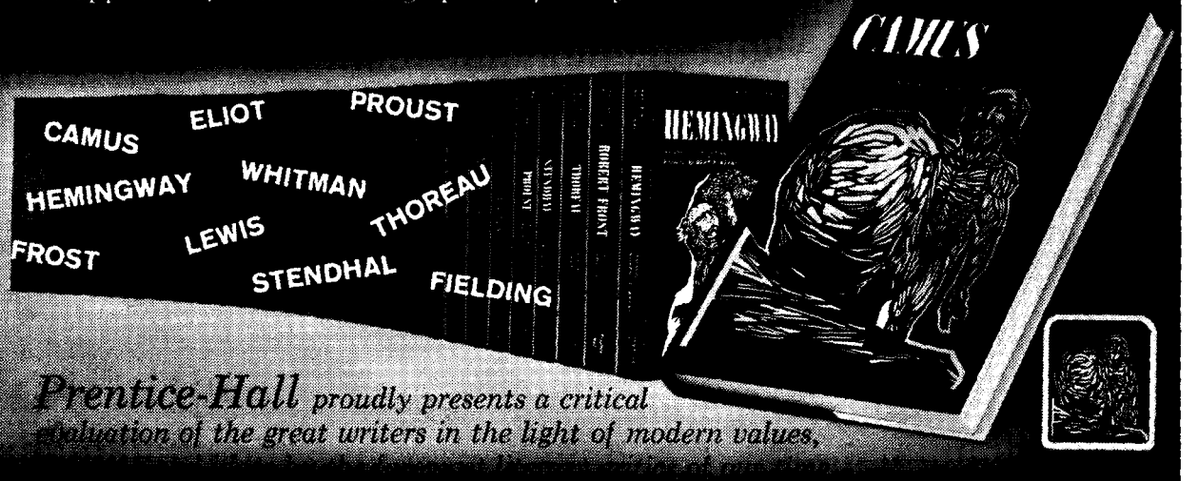

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Wizard on the Lam

★ You fall in love with Washington. You fall in love with its spring, all misty, seaweedy green, with butter-yellow forsythia and dabs of crocuses. You fall in love with trying to cover the news; you can't, but you try, you try. Like last week –

The Supreme Court: It threw out the last remaining state poll taxes, 6-3, in four states (Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama, Texas). Splendid. Then whang! It upheld, unanimously, an interpretation of civil rights laws from Reconstruction days giving the US power to intervene and prosecute where the state courts won't punish acts of racial violence. That means the Feds can move into the Mississippi murder belt. They can't prosecute for murder, but they can get the murderers on lesser charges. So, then –

The FBI moved right in and nabbed 13 Mississippi Kluxers, and looked for another. Anybody seen a Grand Imperial Wizard on the lam? He's probably "armed and dangerous." Never mind. John Brown's body is marching on.

That's not all. Mr. Johnson suddenly held back his new civil rights act. The Act of 1964 was No. 1. The Voting Rights Act of 1965 was No. 2. The new one, No. 3, will, we hope, be the biggest of all. It's being hastily revised, rumor says, to utilize the new weapon put into government hands by the Supreme Court. The act will tackle the hardest job of all, discrimination in housing.

Guns vs *Butter:* The showdown came in the House, March 29, as exciting a six hours as you'd care to see, with the two sides balanced evenly, and yelling and shouting. The old, old split was there between Republicans and Democrats, the former saying you can't aid the slums ($12 million rent subsidies; $10 million Teacher Corps program) because there's a war on; the latter saying, Damn the torpedoes, full speed (or at least one-half speed) ahead! The key vote was tight, 198-190. Note, please, that Johnson has a two-to-one majority in both houses. But 65 Democrats voted against him. (After the GOP gets an expected 40-plus new seats in the election this fall, the old GOP-Dixiecrat coalition will be back again. This is probably Mr. Johnson's last big chance to get radical social reform legislation passed.)

Liberals - who - snoot - Lyndon might pause sometime and consider the alternative. The GOP would cut federal spending, not private spending (only Treasury money, they say, causes inflation). On foreign affairs the GOP Congressional Committee advocates military use of outer space, an ultimatum to North Vietnam, spreading nuclear arms around, threatening Red China, liberating Iron Curtain countries. Tax – ? Rep. Gerald Ford (R, Mich.) warns the President not to count on the GOP for higher taxes to control prices; the President must cut spending. As with Vietnam, the GOP gleefully plans to have it both ways; mobilize dissatisfaction with whatever is being done, and oppose any Administration alternative.

Magic in India

★ It was the week Indira Gandhi, silken, exquisite, composed, came to Washington. She tried to explain that while "socialism" is a dirty word here, it is magic in India. She came and went without decision, so far as one could see. Twenty-one gun salutes, seriously cordial receptions, and while she was away a third of a million more Indians were born (12 million or so annually). Many won't get a full meal all their lives. India's problem is America's, she said, and it is largely true. The President announced his $300 million educational foundation proposal for India at a glittering state dinner, the money to come from Indian rupees we own in India, received in payment for our surplus food products. A fine plan, so far as it goes. (Our Ambassador, Chester Bowles, reportedly thought it up; Sen. William Fulbright introduced legislation for it a year ago.)

And this was only part of The Week That Was! Like every good drama this had comedy (though you could never quite say whether it was funny or disgusting). There was the Snooping outbreak. The Senate heard how a drug manufacturer planted a private eye in a wholesale drug firm to see if it were cutting prices to retailers. . . . The poor, underdog president of General Motors had to apologize for inquiring into the private habits and sex life of an impertinent individual who wrote mean things about GM products. . . . Columnist Drew Pearson, busy exposing apparent conflict-of-interest activities of Sen. Thomas Dodd (D, Conn.) alleges that he, in turn, is being watched by Justice Department and private sleuths. . . . And unfortunate Secretary Rusk has to acknowledge that orders (now rescinded) went out to overseas embassies to snoop on Harvard heretic, Prof. H. Stuart Hughes, grandson of a Secretary of State.

The latter action was perfectly legitimate, explained Frances G. Knight, head of the US Passport Office. Under her name the snooping order went out. American embassies, she explained, have been snooping on citizens for years. She calls her boss Philip Heymann, "a 32-year-old whiz kid." She is a relic of McCarthyism and feels unassailable, it appears, because she is protected by her benefactor, Sen. James Eastland and his team.

While we're at it, let's hail Rex Sparger, 33, who has been having fun with Nielsen ratings. In this improbable land what we get on TV depends on Nielsen ratings and these, in turn, are decided by audiometers installed in 1,100 key homes. They are supposed to speak for all of us. Each "typical" Nielsen home stands for 50,000 families. The rating decides the flow of multibillions in advertising, and the taste, information and dreams of the country at large. Ingenious Mr. Sparger, who says he's writing a book, alleges it's easy to locate Nielsen homes, and he says he has successfully rigged ratings by telephone calls, and by baited letters. For some reason the Nielsen people dislike this. It seems no more insane than the ratings themselves.

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The Late, Great Society

With handshakes all around, the House of Representatives last week approved what may be the only important Great Society legislation of the year: appropriations of $12 million for rent subsidies to poor families, and $10 million for a National Teacher Corps to improve instruction in the poorest schools. Both programs had been authorized by Congress in 1965 and then were cut off without a penny. To allay congressional anxieties (Negroes infiltrating the suburbs, too much federal influence on schools), the Administration reduced its already modest request for rent funds by two-thirds and wrote in a local "veto" provision; the Teacher Corps appropriation was cut by 30 percent. Even then the Democratic leadership had to whip, wheel and deal a reluctant House to approval.

So now, if the Senate concurs, 20,000 of four million ill-housed urban families will get rent supplements (the low income tenant paying 25 percent of his income for a fair rent, and the government making up the difference), and 3,000 Corps teachers will be spread thinly among 10 million ill-taught children. By any standard – $1 billion a month for Vietnam, to name one – it is small potatoes.

Three months into the second session of the 89th Congress, the Administration shows no will to push forward the progressive legislation presented last year. There have been no dramatic "cutbacks" in expenditures, but rather an almost random series of "pullbacks," an accretion of delays. Senator J. W. Fulbright, who ever more frequently these days speaks as the conscience of the Congress, put it well in a recent speech: "A year ago . . . we vigorously reasserted our 'preference for life and peace'; it seemed that the United States might be about to undergo something of a social revolution. . . . But for the present at least, the inspiration and commitment of a year ago have disappeared. They have disappeared in the face of deepening involvement in an Asian war, and although it may be contended that the United States has the material resources to rebuild its society at home while waging war abroad, it is already being demonstrated that we do not have the mental and spiritual resources for such a double effort."

The war has banked the fires of political innovation throughout government. "You don't rock the boat in rough waters," a Midwestern congressman says. Experimental programs are being delayed; controversial older ones are given less money and attention. (In Boston last week, for instance, Neighborhood Youth Corps counselors were fired, for economy reasons.) Checks are put on welfare activities which might cause political offense. Big-city mayors are to be given a veto

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over various antipoverty programs; slum-dwellers will be investigated for "security" before they get their little jobs in antipoverty work; the statewide Head-Start program in Mississippi – which cracked the pattern of segregation and white paternalism – will be crippled by county control.

Vietnam is the Administration's defense for holding back on domestic spending that might otherwise have doubled in intensity this year; instead, it will get no more money than last, and programs now at the take-off stage will not be launched. Aid to elementary and secondary education will be kept at approximately the present level, despite the need for added funds to keep pace with population growth and to carry out new ideas that have been tested and found good. The political argument justifying the squeeze-back is that if taxes are raised, and they may be, to pay for the war in Vietnam without causing inflation at home, they would have to be raised still more in order to pay for the Great Society as well, and voters won't stand for that. Better then to hold the Great Society at a care-and-maintenance level until rising defense spending levels off again. But, with the Gross National Product projected this year as high as $735 billion, $13 billion more than previous forecasts, it may not be necessary to raise taxes at all to avoid inflation, or the inflation may be quite minor. Raising taxes and cutting back on Great Society programs at the same time might actually depress the economy and slow the growth of real income. The major point, however, is surely that whether it costs more taxes or not, this Administration ought to regard fulfillment of its Great Society pledges as the least not the most expendable part of its mission. Otherwise, the least not the most affluent will be the first to feel the pinch.

Lyndon Johnson is not a man deliberately to prefer the haves to the have-nots. But the war is reshaping the 1964 Johnson electoral coalition, which held together so well in the 1965 Congress. The President seems to feel increasingly obliged to shore up his "consensus" with those whose affection for his Great Society is pint-size. He speaks more and more to the businessmen, the "Johnson Republicans," the "Goldwater Democrats." He appoints Farris Bryant, the very conservative former Florida governor, to a Washington job so that he might be on hand to welcome Southern defectors back into the Democratic camp. He promises to cut expenditures *and* raise taxes. The guessing now is that the increase will come in income taxes, probably from the lower brackets; the President shies from making business pay for the war by increasing corporate taxes, imposing an excess profits tax, or lowering the seven percent investment tax credit (which subsidizes plant modernization, and lets businessmen automate a few more workers out of their jobs). Despite the war-stimulated decreases in unemployment rates, there were as of February 3.158 million without jobs.

We are given an array of pilot programs – demonstration plans for urban renewal, controls on pollution that don't control, standardless policies for safe automobile design, only mildly enforced school desegregation, slow-motion voter registration compliance and a huge number of underfunded projects. Appalachian development, announced to the blaring of the trumpets, turns out to be a lot of new highways. The transportation program simmers down to a bureaucratic shifting of responsibilities. Crime prevention so far means improving police training. And a decent minimum wage for all workers is still to come.

No one expected miracles. The accomplishments last year were impressive, in large measure because they pointed toward greater gains. In his State of the Union speech last year, the President said: "We seek the unity of man with the world that he has built, with the knowledge that can save or destroy him, with the cities which can stimulate or stifle him, with the wealth and machines which can enrich or menace his spirit. We seek to establish a harmony between man and society which will allow each of us to enlarge the meaning of his life and all of us to elevate the quality of our civilization." The Great Society had a moral center: the making of a true "community." It had the allegiance of the nation's youth and of its most inventive minds. Now officials talk of "politics"; this, after all, is an election year, a lowering of the horizons is inevitable. There are other rationalizations: the city machines are worried about economic and political power shifting (even slightly) to the poor; the Southern Democrats are still Democrats, and the Administration has therefore to temper civil rights enforcement; Republicans must not be allowed to exploit the "inflation" scare.

The Great Society may have become so compromised that it cannot recover its verve. And who doubts that the war is the prime cause? "Vietnam hangs over everything we do," the Midwestern congressman said. "It's not just the politics, it's the psychological problems it causes." Congress is not at all energized by the war; it is bored, apathetic, backbiting. The debate over the rent subsidies and the Teacher Corps appropriations – only $22 million in all, or about one-sixth of the cost of the new House Office Building – prompted seven hours of almost entirely unilluminating harangues.

"Wars breed war fever," Senator Fulbright said; "when a nation is involved in a bitter foreign conflict, hopes give way to fears, and creative and generous attitudes give way to a false and strident patriotism. . . . As long as the war continues, whatever our material resources, the harsh and egotistical America will prevail over the generous and humane America. . . . There can be no cure for it except an end to the war in Asia."

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Coal Fever

The coal business is out of the doldrums and feverish with excitement. Vast and long dormant coal fields in the Mountain states are being opened up to supply fuel for making electricity that is needed in increasing amounts throughout the West. The Interior Department says its research soon will show how to make automobile-grade gasoline from coal more cheaply than from crude oil.

This possibility has made the oil men so nervous they now are getting into the coal business for themselves, enticed, so they say, by its revived growth possibilities. It seems more likely, however, that they are trying to nip real competition in the bud, either by quashing the research altogether, or more likely, by controlling its development so that present gasoline prices will not be adversely affected.

Continental Oil Co., the eighth largest oil producer, proposes to acquire Consolidation Coal Co., the second biggest coal producer, for $600 million. This deal recently got past the Justice Department's antitrust division which looked into what effects might result from two giant producers of different fuels getting together; if the stockholders agree, as they are likely to do, the merger should be accomplished by the summer.

In announcing this proposed merger, Continental spokesmen said last October the oil company was interested in the "attractive long-term prospects" for coal, particularly for electric generation. Consolidation Coal recently bought extensive holdings in the coal fields of the Mountain states. The West long has relied heavily on hydroelectric projects producing cheap electricity, but there are few damsites left; cheap nuclear power still looks a long way off, and thus both natural gas and coal stand to be used in increasing amounts in the production of electricity. At present they compete with one another. Boilers at generating stations can be switched from one to the other depending on price. Continental is the ninth largest natural gas producer in the country, and with its hands on new coal fields in the West, it will be in a position to influence development of both fuels.

Company sources give another reason for the merger: Consolidation Coal has an important edge over competitors in coal-to-gas research. The Interior Department's Bureau of Mines is giving Consolidation $10 million in research funds to design, build and operate a pilot plant to make gas from coal at Cresap, West Virginia. The Bureau of Mines claims gas can be made from coal at costs ranging from 10½ cents to 13 cents a gallon. It now costs from 12½ to 14 cents to refine crude oil into gas.

A number of other oil companies have been pushing into the coal business. Gulf Oil Corp. owns Spencer Chemical Co., which in turn has as its subsidiary Pittsburgh & Midway Coal Mining Co. Pittsburgh & Midway is a major producer and is well along with a pilot plant that turns coal into a liquid that will compete favorably with diesel fuel in locomotive boilers. Kerr-McGhee Oil Industries, Inc., has leases in the West for land that is said to hold 600 million tons of coal. Standard Oil of Ohio shared costs of a $10 million coal-gas research program with Consolidation. The partnership ended in 1962, but Standard Oil says it has rights to joint commercial production projects if the research pans out. Atlantic Refining Co. is working on its own method of turning coal into gas. Other oil companies are building up their coal holdings, and are said to be sounding out merger possibilities.

Making coal from gas has a lengthy history. In 1926 I. G. Farbenindustrie, the huge German chemical combine, announced it had found a way to make gasoline from coal. The Germans had plenty of coal but little oil. This announcement upset Standard Oil of New Jersey, which feared the Germans actually would become self-sufficient in gasoline production, and the two giants made a deal promising not to meddle in the markets of one another. Joint companies were set up for research, and patents were exchanged. This led to the Germans getting the technical know-how from Jersey Standard that enabled their air force during the war to depend almost entirely on gas made from coal.

One might expect that an oil company, staffed with expert scientists and equipped with a distribution system, would be the perfect place to bring coal-gas research to fruition. But there are plenty of people, including the chairman of the Federal Trade Commission, who suspect the oil companies are holding up the price of gas as it is. Since the war, the oil people have not shown any interest on their own in making gasoline out of coal. Why should they now, when there is still a great glut of oil on the world market?

More from GM

General Motors said last week that owners of 1.5 million Chevrolets should take them back to the dealers so that a splash guard can be installed to protect a part near the engine housing. This is to prevent a build-up of slush around a throttle linkage, a situation that can occur when the temperature goes down to freezing. The 1964-65 model Chevelles and 1965 model Chevrolets equipped with Powerglide Transmissions need the guard. GM will pay all the costs. If the slush is permitted to build up, there may be some accelerator sticking, which means that when a driver takes his foot off the gas pedal, the car may not slow up. The company said it had received some complaints to this effect.

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Forcing Desegregation Through Title VI

The Elementary and Secondary Education Act of 1965 greatly increased the amount of federal money available for public schools, and did so in accordance with a formula that pumps the lion's share of the money to low-income areas such as the Deep South. Consequently, Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 has become the main instrument for accelerating and completing the desegregation of Southern public schools. Under Title VI, all federal agencies administering any grant-in-aid program must see to it that there is no discrimination, by way of exclusion, segregation or otherwise, in any activity receiving federal assistance.

In December, 1964, President Johnson promulgated regulations pursuant to Title VI. He directed that no application for federal aid from a Southern school district was to be approved unless the district either promised to comply with a final court order outstanding against it, if any, or submitted a new desegregation plan satisfactory to the US Commissioner of Education, and gave assurance that the plan would be implemented. Then, last April, the Commissioner (at the time, Francis Keppel, now Assistant Secretary of the Department of Health, Education and Welfare) issued guidelines to govern his office in approving or disapproving plans submitted by Southern school districts. Although not requiring residential zoning (which might – or might not – have produced the most massive desegregation in most of the South), these guidelines were quite demanding. Unless a district had instituted nonracial residential zoning, the guidelines required a free-choice plan, allowing parents to choose any school in the district. They required full notice to be given to parents of the choice available to them. And they set a deadline – 1967 – for full effectuation of desegregation plans. Meanwhile, at least four grades had to be desegregated in the fall of 1965, including the last high school grade. Each system would thus graduate a desegregated class by 1966, as well as having taken one in at all three possible levels in 1965. Districts were ordered to file compliance reports. But it was evident that the Office of Education had neither the staff nor the resources to monitor compliance.

Some 70 school districts, according to HEW (the figure may well be higher, according to other sources), have chosen to forego the federal money rather than comply with these guidelines. But hundreds of others did promise compliance. Figures collected by the Southern Education Reporting Service, which the new Commissioner of Education, Harold Howe II, apparently accepts, show the result in the school year 1965-66. In the 11 Southern states (excluding the border) some 180,000 Negro students now attend schools with whites. This amounts to 6.01 percent of the total Negro student population in these states, and compares with some 64,000 Negro children (a little over 2 percent) attending schools with whites the year before. Unfortunately these figures have to be regarded with caution. Statistics on school desegregation are getting harder and harder to come by, as the director of research of the Southern Education Reporting Service recently stated. Still, progress has been made; and it is almost as spectacular as the job that remains to be done.

The Commissioner of Education has now issued a new set of guidelines, addressed to some weaknesses in last year's edition. Where last year hardly anything was required by way of desegregation of faculties, detailed provisions in the new guidelines, if followed, will result in a substantial start. Last year nothing was said of rundown schools, with wholly inadequate plant and program, which had always been Negro schools, of course, and which under a free-choice plan could only be expected to remain so. The new guidelines provide that "the school authorities will *normally* be required" to close such inferior units and assign the students elsewhere. (Our italics.) Finally, the new guidelines address themselves in much greater detail than before to the shape of free-choice plans, and to the degree of tokenism that will be tolerated under them. Nonracial residential zoning is still not required, but free-choice plans are now to be "scrutinized with special care." Factors to be taken into account in determining whether a free-choice plan has worked effectively will include: "Community support for the plan, the efforts of the school system to eliminate the identifiability of schools on the basis of race . . . by virtue of the composition of staff or other factors, and the progress actually made in eliminating past discrimination and segregation." This would seem to say, at the least, that a school system that still has all-Negro schools had better not have all-Negro faculties in them as well, and had better see to it that the all-Negro school is not shortchanged. (But may it be made especially attractive?) The guidelines then indicate that if under a free-choice plan a school district has succeeded in transferring some eight or nine percent of students from segregated schools to desegregated ones, it had better see to it that it doubles the percentage in 1966-67. If the percentage of Negro transfers to previously white schools has been no more than five percent, it had better be tripled, and if it was below five percent, it had better be more than tripled, so that 15 percent of Negro students, more or less, can be shown to be in integrated situations in the school year 1966-67.

These are splendid provisions, as in their day were

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the ones in last year's guidelines. To become meaningful, they must be enforced in many hundreds of school districts, for the benefit of over three million Negro children attending school in the 11 Southern states. The trouble is still that the mails and the telephone and a small staff in Washington are insufficient instruments for monitoring and enforcing compliance. And there is no evidence that a more significant effort, engaging greater resources, is in prospect. For some years now, markedly since 1962, the trend has been toward more and more compliance with the rule of *Brown* vs *Board of Education*. General conditions favor this trend, and the new guidelines are likely to accelerate it. We have gone in a year from something like 60,000 Negro children in school with whites to something like 180,000. We may by next year have gone up by another 100 or 200 or 300,000. But that will still leave 2.5 million Negro children in the South attending the same old Negro schools. Any spectacular leap forward would require the presence in the field of a substantial number of federal professionals, working out of regional offices, helping, inducing, cajoling.

One additional objection that has been taken – most recently by Jack Greenberg, head of the NAACP's Legal Defense Fund – to the new guidelines, as well as to the old, is that they do not apply in districts which are subject to a court order. This is to say that where there has been litigation, the decree issued by the federal judge, and such modifications as he may from time to time add to it, will govern the timing and nature of desegregation, and not the guidelines of the Commissioner of Education. As far as those guidelines are concerned, all a district against which a judicial order is outstanding need do is submit a copy of that order, and say that it is in compliance with it. The objection is that judicial orders have sometimes been more lenient than the HEW guidelines. But it is open to the parties in a school desegregation suit to go back to court and ask that the outstanding decree be modified. Actually, school litigation has always been virtually continuous. Moreover, it is unlikely under any circumstances that recourse to the federal judge who has issued a decree can be avoided. If the district were required to accept the guidelines where they differ from a decree, it would presumably have to go back to the district judge for permission, and he would have to agree to modify his decree. Nothing the Office of Education might say would necessarily force him to do so. On the other hand, adjudicated cases indicate – even if not uniformly – that in reviewing their decrees or issuing new ones, the courts are inclined to follow the guidelines of the Office of Education. In the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals, which covers the Deep South, this is pretty much, though not rigidly, the rule.

In any event, there is little the Commissioner of Education himself can do about it. His hands are tied by the Presidential regulation issued in December, 1964, which says quite explicitly that outstanding court orders are to govern. And there is some evidence in the congressional debates on Title VI of the Civil Rights Act of 1964 – although nothing necessarily in the language of the Title – indicating that Congress may not have wished to supersede the courts.

Alexander M. Bickel

Keeping an Eye on Tourists

Frances Knight, who may have coined the phrase "Communism, corruption and conspiracy" (in a speech she wrote for the Republican campaign in 1952), has now come up with something called "Schwartzism." The term is roughly synonymous with any criticism of Frances Knight in her capacity as head of the Passport Office at the Department of State. It refers to her former superior Abba Schwartz, who resigned last month as administrator of the Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs after he had learned that his job would be eliminated by a planned reorganization (*NR*, March 19). But according to Miss Knight it is equally applicable to her new superior, Philip Heymann.

On March 8, an airgram was sent in Miss Knight's name to US embassies in Paris and Moscow concerning Henry Stuart Hughes, a Harvard history professor and 1962 candidate for the US Senate from Massachusetts. Hughes planned to be in Europe next fall and the Federal Bureau of Investigation was interested in any information that the State Department might develop on him while he was out of the country. According to the FBI and Miss Knight's cable, Mr. Hughes reportedly "has had strong convictions toward Communism."

It was only on March 14 that Mr. Heymann saw a copy of the cable. He immediately called Miss Knight into his office. She told him about the FBI's written request, but for some reason she was unable to produce it. Heymann instructed her to refrain in the future from sending such cables, with or without FBI requests, before consulting him; he notified the embassies to ignore her cable.

At first the only question of propriety hinged on whether the action had been initiated independently by Miss Knight, who has no authority to conduct investigations, or whether it had been inspired by the FBI. (The only thing that seemed to bother Miss Knight was

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that the story had been leaked to the newspapers. "Some creeps are out to get me," she explained.) But by the time the FBI letter finally turned up on March 22, other questions were being raised. How long had State been keeping tourists under surveillance? What was the basis for allegations against Hughes?

It turns out that the FBI often requests "pertinent information" about American tourists. It has printed a form letter for this purpose. The letter has space at the top for the name of the suspect and space below for a summary of the FBI's dossier on him. "The information furnished herewith," it begins, "concerns ————, who (is) (are) believed to be traveling abroad or planning to travel abroad. This Bureau would appreciate any pertinent information the Department of State or the CIA may receive regarding subject while abroad. . . . Reports concerning ———— have previously been furnished to the Department of State and the CIA." The letter is signed J. Edgar Hoover.

When the FBI has information it considers of interest to another government agency the Bureau makes it available as a courtesy, and it expects the same courtesy in return. Such interagency cooperation is useful to the FBI, since its own investigative activities are limited by law to the United States. By Mr. Hoover's account, the FBI does, however, have agents assigned to embassies in 11 countries. Their function is limited to liaison with local law enforcement agencies. Thus, the FBI's man in Paris could not legally be assigned to the Hughes case. Instead the Bureau had to ask the State Department, via Miss Knight's office, to do its work for it. The State Department had no opportunity to evaluate charges itemized in the FBI letter; neither apparently did the FBI. A Bureau official told me that "there have been allegations made, but we've never investigated this man. He's not a member of the Communist Party. I don't even think he's a left-winger."

Through its dissemination of derogatory, hearsay information to other agencies which are neither equipped nor disposed to evaluate the allegations, the FBI makes potentially damaging information available to many hundreds of people. The airgram sent in Miss Knight's name to Paris and Moscow was for "limited official use," and copies of such cables normally go to about 10 persons at State. But practically anyone in the Department is free to look at them.

The State Department admits that the practice of relaying such messages from the FBI and other agencies with interests abroad has been standard practice for 30 years. Secretary Rusk contends that only eight or 10 messages such as the one involving Hughes go out each month, but he is alarmed nevertheless that unevaluated information is sent abroad by officials with no authority to do so. He plans to review policy with the Attorney General. In the meantime FBI requests, which increase during the peak tourist season, must be okayed at the Bureau level. Knighthood is no longer in flower.

DAVID SANFORD

DE GAULLE'S MOVES AGAINST NATO HAVE A LONG HISTORY

Ami, Go Home

Paris

There may be a mystical streak in Charles de Gaulle, but there is little mystery in his policy. Ever since returning to power eight years ago, he has been trying to drive the same point home to Washington. France must share in the big decisions. First, he proposed to President Eisenhower the establishment of a triumvirate – the US, Britain and France – which would more or less run the affairs of the Western world and manage the Cold War. That proposal was met initially with contemptuous silence; then, somewhat later, with a flat "No." The theme was repeated when John Kennedy came to the White House, and for a brief time it looked as if the young and energetic President, receptive to new ideas, might meet the General halfway. But Mr. Kennedy's advisers decided that, after all, France was a "negligible quantity," that it was sheer arrogance for de Gaulle to demand equal status with the all-powerful US. The project for a multilateral force, conceived in the Kennedy era, was considered by Paris as having only one object: the isolation of France in Western Europe and the strengthening of US hegemony. From the French point of view, Kennedy's triumphal visit to Germany was made chiefly to offset the impression of de Gaulle's visit some nine months earlier.

When Lyndon Johnson assumed the Presidency, de Gaulle bided his time, for a bit. When hints began arriving from Paris that the General was impatient to begin discussions about the future, there was no response, and soon thereafter de Gaulle shifted his tactics. He would act so that Washington could not ignore

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him; he would engage in nuisance diplomacy. This was the period of bitter recriminations, of harsh statements by de Gaulle and his lieutenants about American policy. It was the time of de Gaulle's own unprecedented tour of South America, of French anti-American initiatives in the United Nations, of de Gaulle's recognition of Communist China. Johnson remained unimpressed.

Now we are witnessing the beginning of Act III. De Gaulle no longer threatens. Instead, last week in Paris he tells Undersecretary of State George Ball that he hopes that the NATO headquarters and American and Canadian military bases will have left French soil within a year; and he lets it be known that French forces in West Germany will be withdrawn from NATO by July. It is as if he were saying: "I tried to persuade you to agree to a true partnership. That was rejected. Now you will begin to feel that you need France more than you believed you would; there are many things you wish to do which will become outright impossible if we stand firmly against you." De Gaulle's frustrations, so one learns in Paris, have been aggravated by several other factors. For instance, the General frequently refers to "American intrigues" having virtually wrecked the Franco-German alliance. He is firmly convinced that the US, first under Kennedy and now under Johnson, has ruined his "masterpiece," a Franco-German reconciliation which he had hoped would permit France to become the leader of that partnership and to regain in that way the status of a world power. "Such an alliance," I was told, "could have been of some concern to the Russians and perhaps to others in Eastern Europe or even to Britain. But the Americans should have welcomed the prospect of one big power emerging in Western Europe which could once and for all bar the progress of Communism on the continent, thus freeing the United States from a burden she has not been able to get rid of for two decades."

Then of course there is the war in Vietnam. To de Gaulle, the deepening American commitment is immensely serious, because sooner or later all of America's allies (and he always considers France as an American ally) may become involved, no matter how much they resist it. One of the reasons Washington has ignored de Gaulle's warnings against an overcommitment in Vietnam, so the General reasons, is that the US has assumed that all other world problems can for the moment be put to one side. "Other problems" include America's relations with France and the American role in Western Europe. By demanding a radical transformation of NATO, de Gaulle hopes to show Mr. Johnson that Vietnam is far less crucial than the White House thinks.

Finally, one cannot understand French diplomacy today without taking into account de Gaulle's basic conviction that the United States is misusing its tremendous economic strength to establish American dominance throughout the world, under the pretext of a mission to halt Communism. De Gaulle does not dismiss Communist dangers, but he considers that Washington is not ordained to intervene everywhere in the world; and that more often than not, when it does intervene, it does so ineptly and for reasons that have little to do with the fight against Communism.

Although Paris and Washington, indeed Paris and all the other Western capitals, now seem on a collision course, there is an evident desire in Paris not to overly dramatize the conflict: "Why get nervous about the possible disruption of NATO," I have been asked here, "if that body is moribund anyway?" NATO, in this view, is obsolete. It was created 17 years ago when it seemed as if Stalin might any morning order his divisions westward, but where is the responsible leader in Western Europe today who fears a Soviet attack? De Gaulle is aware, of course, that 25 Soviet divisions are still stationed in Eastern Germany. But he thinks that were a new Stalin to emerge, determined on new military adventures, NATO forces – using only conventional weapons – would be badly beaten in Central Europe. The Soviets can always muster forces far more powerful than those available to the West. De Gaulle therefore concludes that the only effective reply to possible Soviet aggression is immediate atomic reprisal, not the "graduated response" to which Secretary McNamara is devoted. In place of NATO, de Gaulle prefers the more traditional military alliance – perhaps an American, British and French alliance – which, in the event of Soviet aggression in Europe, would be prepared to launch an atomic attack on Russian towns and production centers. It is this notion that seems to have been rejected by President Johnson in his reply last month to de Gaulle: "Reliance in crisis on independent action by separate forces in accordance with national plans, only loosely coordinated with joint forces and plans, seems to be dangerous for all concerned." De Gaulle is convinced that the type of alliance he has in mind would be such a powerful deterrent as to assure that it would never have to become operational. It is for this reason that de Gaulle and his advisers refuse to believe that the partial or even complete dismantling of NATO is of great moment; rather, they say, such a move would contribute to the opening of more promising negotiations between France and other countries.

As to the scope of such talks, they would be aimed at establishing nothing less than a new base for partnership between Western Europe and the US, replacing the one which came into being as the consequence of the enormous American contribution to Hitler's defeat and the blocking of Stalin, and as a consequence of American wealth and postwar Europe's poverty.

Philip Ben

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Who's Afraid of China?

Many Americans, Not So Many Asians

by Alex Campbell

Vice President Hubert Humphrey said last week that the United States "totally accepts" the "nonalignment" of Asia. This runs counter to Mr. Humphrey's March 3 conclusion that "most Asian leaders are concerned about the belligerence and militancy of Communist China's attitudes." I can find little evidence of their concern. The Japanese Foreign Office denies Japan is menaced by China, and publicly praises Peking's "prudent attitude in external affairs." Indian troops have fought Chinese troops twice inside four years up in the Himalayas; but India's political leaders are less fearful of a Chinese military attack on India than many Americans seem to be about China knocking down all the Southeast Asian dominoes and then somehow turning up (China's navy is negligible) in California.

Why, nevertheless, should Asians wish to be "nonaligned" between benevolent America, which is how we see ourselves, and tyrannical Communist China? Are they (shudders!) "soft on Communism"? Not judging by the number of Asian countries where Communist parties either are proscribed or Communists spend much of their time in jail. But Asians don't accept that we are all that virtuous; they suspect the purity of our intentions. Informed Asians are aware of what many Americans in their anxiety to nourish their own China neurosis seem determined to play down, namely, that the brute basic of power in Asia isn't in Asian hands. Mainly, it's in ours. American military power in the Far East is overwhelmingly large. It includes the 7th Fleet, with bases in the Philippines and Taiwan; ground and air units in South Korea, Japan, Okinawa and Guam; and now getting on for 300,000 men in South Vietnam.

How much of this United States' power in Asia is nuclear power is anybody's guess and the Pentagon's secret; Asians think it's a lot. To US military strength add British military strength: 50,000 soldiers, airmen and sailors based in Malaysia. The Australians and New Zealanders also are in Asia, are fighting in South Vietnam and between them spend on defense $1 billion a year, far in excess of what most Asian countries can afford.

Contrast this panoply of thoroughly modern, Western military power in Asia with what Asians believe the Chinese can muster. China has a huge, 2.2 million army – but has few decent roads or railroads over which the army can move. China has only primitive capability for operations involving combined land, sea and air forces; there is no airlift capacity for more than a few Chinese battalions. In a war in Southeast Asia, China would confront staggering logistics problems while the US was hitting the Chinese coast and the Chinese rear areas, including the Chinese atomic installations. Only four of China's 115-line divisions are armored. China produces tanks, and light and medium mortars, but there are serious shortages of heavy artillery. The Chinese air force has some 2,300 aircraft, but about 2,000 of them are early model MIG-15s and 17s and a few 19s. Shortages of spare parts affect the serviceability of those obsolescent aircraft, and fuel shortage savagely cuts down pilot's training time. The core of the Chinese navy consists of about 220 motorboats, and 23 submarines; however, in addition there are four destroyers, 12 frigates, 60 amphibious-type landing ships, and a Soviet-type G-class submarine may be abuilding, able to fire three missiles with a range of about 400 miles. China is testing nuclear devices using U-235 from a gaseous diffusion plant, but her only means of delivering atomic bombs are the G-class sub (when it's built) and a small number of obsolescent TU-4 medium bombers. An informed (Western) estimate of China's military capability says that "the military posture of the Chinese in Asia represents an implicit acceptance of their vulnerability, in the absence of assured Soviet support, to attack by United States forces."

The Soviet Union obviously isn't about to assure China of its military support. The most recent Sino-Soviet polemics, with Russian emphasis on "border incidents," strongly suggest that China must reckon

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Soviet military power against her rather than with her or even neutral. In the Far East alone, Russia has a strategic bomber force, 17 army divisions, 120 submarines able to cruise for 20,000 miles (an unknown number carrying nuclear-warhead missiles), and submarine bases at Vladivostok and in the Kurile Islands. Russia also has land-based missiles on the Soviet Pacific coast.

In the light of all this, it ought not to come as a surprise that Asians are less scared of Chinese "militancy" than they are conscious of, and resentful of, Western military might in Asia. In South Korea and the Philippines there is constant visual, audible, tactual awareness of huge American bases, troops, PX's and housing estates that stick out like sore thumbs, with their own armed guards and patrols. It's a moot point whether such an American housing area is more offensive when segregated, as in Seoul, or unsegregated as in Manila; in the latter, the Americans lump themselves with the very richest (and, in the case of Manila's Forbes Estate, flamboyantly vulgarest) Filipino owning and exploiting class. In Japan, the American military have wisely made themselves almost invisible, sticking to their isolated air bases that impinge little on the Japanese. American civilians scatter themselves through the big cities and live cheerfully cheek by jowl with all classes of Japanese. Yet Japan is sensitive that Okinawa, an island, is under American occupation, and that the Russians squat in similar military might on the Kuriles. Hong Kong, a Chinese city, and Singapore, whose population is at least 75 percent Chinese, are both dominated by British and American battleships. In Thailand and, of course, South Vietnam, the American military presence is great and growing.

To most Asians, the war in South Vietnam is not a "small war," as Defense Secretary McNamara recently pigeonholed it; nor is it a war in defense of civilization against the onslaught of Communism in Southeast Asia, as other Americans have grandiloquently described it. In the eyes of the Asians, it's much more like a colonial war, or at least a war that is now being fought and directed by whites in pursuit of white Western rather than indigenous Asian interests. For this interpretation, the US has only itself to blame. In all the chatter about "aid to Asia," a constant refrain has been a canny Pentagon estimate that the cost of an Asian soldier in the field is less than a tenth of the cost of an American soldier. Therefore, it has been argued, the $9.5 billion that have been poured into military aid to Asia have actually been a cheap way of "containing Communism" there. The Asians naturally don't overlook what this implies about the part they are expected to play in America's anti-Communist crusade. Rapidly increasing numbers of young Americans are now fighting and dying in South Vietnam and over North Vietnam; but this US entry dates from the end of 1964 when it became crystal clear that Saigon's cheap, chewed-up Vietnamese soldiers were losing the war. Asians also note, perhaps with undue cynicism, that this country enlarged its stake in South Vietnam after the Sino-Soviet split had got so deep that there seemed little serious risk of Russia offering even to go so far as holding China's coat so China might enter the war, too. Some Asian strategists, who suspect the purpose of the Pentagon is to take advantage of the Sino-Soviet split to get tougher with China, have been expecting an American blast at China's atomic installations in Sinkiang.

Such a blast, if delivered, would confirm many Asians' suspicions that basically we're up to no good as far as Asia is concerned. This must astound many Americans: Don't non-Communist Asians realize that if the US ever did such a thing it would only be after a nuclear Communist China had committed some outrageous aggression? Asians are less sure. They are less shocked by China's possession of nuclear weapons than they were by this country's use of them in Japan in 1945, and threatened use of them in Korea in 1950. That an Asian country in spite of all obstacles has managed to build an atomic bomb is to many Asians a matter of pride.

The Balance of Terror

But aren't they afraid of the use China may make of its nuclear weapons? No, they explain, because China despite its two or three atomic bombs is still years from *real* nuclear power, the kind the Americans and Russians have. The world's central "balance of terror" remains unaffected. All countries that don't have nuclear weapons are afraid; but their helplessness in face of American and Soviet nuclear might is so absolute that China's having a bomb really doesn't add to it. Asians tend to look on China's bomb indulgently, as a sort of de Gaullish gesture by Peking, a status symbol not a threat. American – and Russian – lack of enthusiasm for Peking's bomb is interpreted as resentment by those superpowers over an Asian country's presumption in challenging their nuclear monopoly. Or any country's presumption: Asians point with amusement to the almost identical arguments used by Mr. McNamara and the Kremlin, to France and China respectively. McNamara said France was foolish to have a bomb of its own because it could never afford real nuclear strength and should lean on the US. The Kremlin declared piously: "Even if China were to produce two or three bombs, this would not solve its problem but would bring about a great exhaustion of its economy. We know from our experience what it costs for a country to produce nuclear weapons on a large

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scale at a level meeting modern military techniques." Since then, of course, China *has* acquired "two or three" bombs and Soviet solicitude for the Chinese economy has abruptly changed to Soviet uneasiness about Chinese intentions.

Aren't the Russians right to be uneasy? Haven't the Chinese leaders themselves said that in a third, nuclear world war everything and everyone else might be destroyed, but there would still be enough Chinese around to take over the globe and Communize it? The way Asians see it, it's the Chinese who have most cause to be uneasy, in a world militarily dominated by America and Russia, both of whom dislike China. Part status symbol, the Chinese bomb is also a bargaining counter: No Chinese agreement about peaceful coexistence until China is treated as an equal. Yet Asians note that the Chinese have officially pledged "never at any time and under any circumstances to be the first to use nuclear weapons," and also that they severely castigated Khrushchev for putting missiles into Cuba in 1962, saying this was reckless and provocative and the act of a mere "adventurer." China, it's implied, would not venture on such a rocket ploy.

Japan and India

Her recent acquisition of nuclear weapons apart, hasn't China demonstrated in a score of ways that she's aggressive both in language and in intent? Here again, remarkably few Asian nations behave as if they really thought so. Take Japan. There seems to be a comfortable feeling among American officials in Tokyo that the Japanese are slowly but surely girding themselves to become military allies of ours, and of India, for the specific purpose of "containing" a dangerously resurgent China. Japan and India are regarded as the only two Asian nations strong and stable enough to act as counterweights to China, if they will. The wish that they will then becomes father to the notion that they are about to do so. This could be a very dangerous piece of self-deception. In Japan's case, the Japanese Socialists, even if they don't in the foreseeable future command sufficient votes to form a government, are likely to continue strong enough politically to inhibit the Japanese conservatives from turning Japan into a Cold Warrior alongside the US, like South Korea. What keeps the Japanese Socialists out of power isn't their admiration for China, but the public's fear – possibly well-founded – that the Socialists' doctrinaire economics might dissipate the material prosperity Japan has enjoyed for several years. This fear is what keeps the Japanese conservatives in power, in spite of considerable public distrust of their intentions toward the Constitution, and of the US-Japan Mutual Security Treaty. Moreover, the Japanese conservatives themselves are by no means prepared to go along with US policy toward China. They don't fear the Chinese, for they believe China is a long way behind Japan technologically, despite China's nuclear explosions. And for the past 15 years, they have consistently endeavored to enlarge Japan's trade with China so as to offset Japan's dependence on the United States. The China trade, though still much smaller than Japan's trade with this country, is growing fast. Whatever its size, its real importance to Japan is that it is *jishu boeki* – "independent" trade – just as the numerous Japanese delegations that visit Peking represent *jishu gaiko*, "independent" diplomacy. The Japanese, in short, deliberately walk a tightrope between the US and China; and hostilities between the US and China that threatened to involve Japan, through the US-Japan Mutual Security Treaty, would split Japan right down the middle and might bring on a Japanese civil war.

India's attitude toward Peking is scarcely more consoling from the viewpoint of US "containment." True, most Indians were angered and frightened by the clash between their armed forces and Chinese armed forces in October, 1962, in which the Indian army suffered a humiliating defeat. Last year, the Chinese rattled the Indians again, though less badly, by doing a kind of Himalayan war dance to coincide with the brief summer war between India and Pakistan. The Indians, in consequence, certainly don't regard the Chinese as their friends. Nevertheless, India seems to have no notion of giving up its policy of "nonalignment" and this is especially so as regards Vietnam, and Southeast Asia generally, where India's ambition is to play the role of mediator between the US and North Vietnam and also to help bring about neutralization of the region. India still wants Peking to have China's seat in the United Nations, and more Indians seem willing to try to settle India's border disputes with China, on terms much more generous than the publicly proclaimed Indian official position, than seem willing to apply the same mildness to India's Kashmir quarrel with Pakistan.

In spite of the Indian government and the CIA being jointly engaged in a project that arms 200,000 Khamba tribesmen for the purpose of harassing the Chinese in Tibet, some influential Indians aren't at all sure this is wise or that China's Himalayan case is totally unsound. They would be prepared to yield Aksai Chin to China. This uninhabited, 14,000-foot-high region of the Himalayas is the chief bone of contention between the two countries. The Chinese Communists claim it belongs to China, a claim that the Nationalist Chinese fully support. Delhi says it's Indian territory; but between 1956 and 1958 the Chinese built a road in Aksai Chin, to link Southern Sinkiang with Western Tibet, and the Indians never even knew about it until the road was finished. *No* Chinese government has ever accepted the

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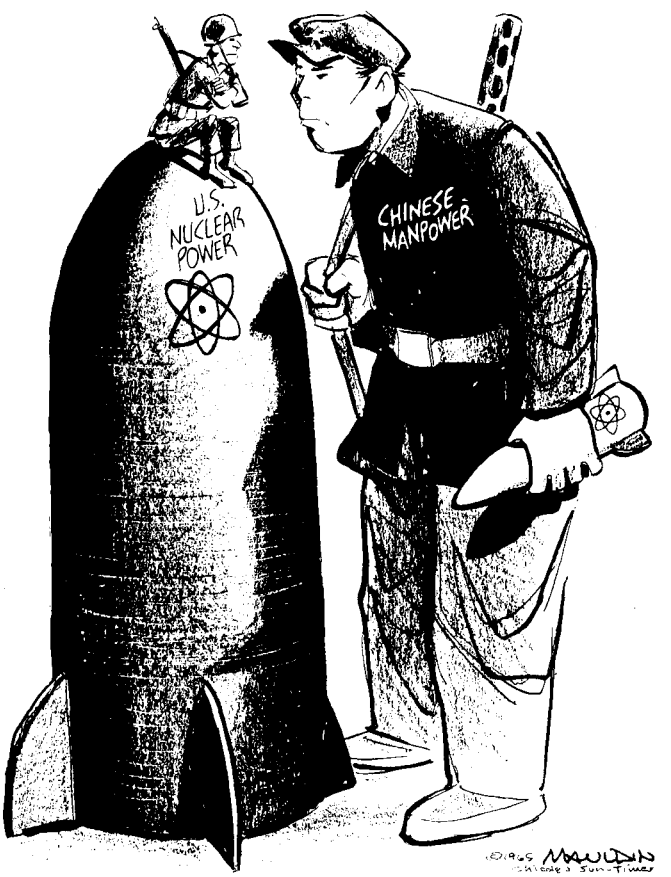
McMahon line on which Indian claims to disputed Himalayan territory are based. The line was drawn at a conference in Simla, held in 1913-14, attended by Britain, Tibet and China; but Peking refused to ratify the Simla decisions. In October, 1962, Indian forces tried to dislodge Chinese troops from a mountain position; the Chinese counterattacked and pushed the Indians back almost to the plains of Assam. Then the Chinese announced a unilateral cease-fire, and withdrew behind the Himalayan line *they* said was the correct boundary between India and Tibet, which left them in possession of Aksai Chin. The Chinese similarly withdrew last year, after a show of force apparently put on to help the Pakistanis. Indians who think a reasonable boundary settlement can be reached with the Chinese point to this prudent Chinese conduct, also to the fact that China has peacefully resolved her border disputes with Pakistan, Burma, Nepal and Mongolia. In those successful negotiations, notably with Burma, China handed over rather than acquired territory.

Some Indians say deterioration in the hitherto good relations between China and India set in after China began to suspect that India was leaning too much toward Russia and the US; the Sino-Indian dispute is thus seen largely as a reflection of the Sino-Soviet split and China's dread of the United States. These Indians point out that while the US accuses China of aggression and lust for conquest, China's other chief foe nowadays – the Soviet Union – upbraids the Chinese Communists for being too chickenhearted to do anything to either Hong Kong or Macao. (China has declared that the "problems" presented by British Hong Kong and Portuguese Macao, European colonies on Chinese soil, should be "settled peacefully through negotiation," and that "pending a settlement, the status quo should be maintained.") The Russians, only last month, were grumbling significantly that the Chinese leaders "demonstrate the highest degree of caution and emphatic patience in their own practical dealings with the imperialist powers."

From all of the foregoing it follows that few Asians buy Defense Secretary McNamara's conclusion that China is on the warpath. McNamara says that Marshal Lin Piao's recent lengthy analysis of the world situation is a sort of Chinese *Mein Kampf*, a brazen blueprint for world conquest. Lin Piao urged the "countryside," meaning the poverty-stricken peasant masses of Latin America, Africa and Asia, to encircle the "cities," meaning the well-fed, urbanized, bourgeois Western world, and overthrow it. Sinologists, however, tend to interpret the Lin Piao manifesto as a Chinese warning to the Communist parties of other lands not to expect China to do their revolutionary homework for them, but to get on with it themselves, while bearing in mind that "encircling" the "cities" in China took the Chinese Communists more than two decades. Chinese Foreign Minister Chen Yi admits it will take another 30 or even 50 years for China to bring its economy up to anything like a Western level. The Chinese leaders still believe, of course, in the inevitability of world revolution, but they may have decided to adopt a Stalinist policy of building socialism in one country as their own task of top priority.

Whether this is a correct interpretation of Chinese *intentions*, or whether McNamara is more correct, doesn't much alter the Asian assessment of what China is capable of this year or next. They point out that Chinese foreign policy has suffered a whole series of setbacks, most recently in Indonesia but also in Africa and in Latin America, while in Asia itself China has been unable to do anything about Taiwan, Hong Kong and Macao. The only Chinese successes abroad have been putting down the Indians in the Himalayas, which may yet turn out to have been a diplomatically costly victory; and striking up a friendship with Pakistan, whose motives, however, have clearly nothing whatever to do with admiration or even liking for (or fear of) China. Ayub Khan thinks he's using China, not the



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other way around, and he has yet to be proved wrong. On the home front, too, the Chinese have just managed to crawl out of the economic hole they fell into as a result of their hideous Great Leap miscalculations; and now the old men who rule with diminishing vigor in Peking are confronted and perplexed by a new, bored generation.

Weighing all this, Asian China-watchers conclude not only that there isn't much to fear from China, but that there is some reason to hope that, when Mao Tse-tung and the other romantic revolutionary heroes of the Long March pass from the Peking scene, the next Chinese leaders will be at least as prudent in practice as they have been, and perhaps less prickly. This as it turns out isn't so very different from the conclusions of American and British China-watchers in Hong Kong, who glimpse a period of relaxation ahead, *provided* Vietnam doesn't flare into a larger war. The present Chinese leaders keep telling the Chinese people that war with the United States is inevitable because the US will attack China, and this could become a self-fulfilling prophecy; but no responsible China-watcher believes that China is thinking seriously of embarking on foreign military adventures.

Asians and Vietnam

Asians generally are more preoccupied with other Asian quarrels than with fear of China. Indonesia confronts Malaysia; Thailand threatens Cambodia; India and Pakistan share an uneasy truce. The Chinese some other Asians most dislike aren't the Chinese Communists, but the 12 million or so *Hua Ch'iao* or Overseas Chinese, merchants and storekeepers who control the trade of Indonesia, Malaysia, Thailand, the Philippines and other Southeast Asian countries. The massacre of Chinese in Indonesia this year had Communism as a pretext, but most of the victims were probably doomed for being (a) wealthy and (b) alien. In this troubled context, Vietnam becomes just one poisoned strand of an already tangled web. The Thais hope Vietnam, their traditional enemy, will continue to be divided. The Cambodians look to China to ensure that neither Vietnam nor Thailand swallows up Cambodia. Hardly anyone believes that a united, Communist Vietnam would be just a tool of China; all think that Vietnamese nationalism is too powerful for that to happen.

Local Communist parties in Asia aren't much liked and are usually (and easily) persecuted or suppressed. On the other hand, when Asians heard General Ky of South Vietnam profess an interest after Honolulu in rent control, putting down usury and dividing his country's wealth more fairly, but add that *first* there was an armed rebellion to be rooted out, they smiled and said, "That is how Chiang Kai-shek lost China." The attitude to Vietnam to be inferred from this remark is that Asians have contempt for a loser and think Ky, like Chiang, is one.

Asians expect most Asian problems, including Vietnam, to be settled by deals, probably intricate. No one doubts that despite all outward show to the contrary, Saigon and Hanoi have been in communication down the years, and still are. It is thought to be just unfortunate that nobody has yet been subtle-minded enough to strike the right bargain. Similarly, Taiwan one day will find the right path to accommodation with the mainland, but not until after both Chiang Kai-shek and Mao Tse-tung are dead. It is accepted that, while the strength of nationalism will always preclude one country's imposing its total will on another – perhaps even in Tibet, though both Peking and Taipeh claim Tibet is just a Chinese province – the lands of Southeast Asia may no more flout the vital national interests of China than the Central American republics can with impunity defy the United States. There has to be *some* kowtow by the small and weak to the large and strong, and in the case of China's neighbors this proposition extends as far as Burma and Nepal, two countries which seem already to have concluded that the way to have no fear of China is to give China no reason to distrust them. There is a consolation prize: in the past, the traditional tribute paid to the strong by the weak was returned severalfold by a generous China, which in its modern, Communist dress has again become a net donor not receiver of economic aid.

The Asian view of China may be too optimistic, but at least it is not despairing. Most Asians would like to see this country use its superior strength to quiet Chinese fears not aggravate them, be big enough to overlook China's bad Communist habit of cursing and swearing, and seek through patience and courtesy an understanding with China such as we now seem to have reached with Russia. Patience and courtesy are the traits that Asians admire most; if China failed to respond, it is not the US that would lose "face" in China's part of the world. If the attempt did finally succeed, the reward would be very great: peaceful coexistence between the United States, Russia *and* China would, in the era of superpowers, be tantamount to peace on earth. Most of the Asians with whom I talked during recent weeks, all the way from Tokyo to Delhi, will be gladdened by evidence of a real effort by Americans to rethink the problem of this country's relations with China.

This concludes the series of articles by the managing editor of The New Republic, *who has returned from a round-the-world trip that included visits to Japan, Hong Kong, the Philippines, South Vietnam, Thailand and India.*

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Baltimore Might Make It

by Gerald W. Johnson

Something has happened to the city of Baltimore in the past six years. Whether what has happened presages the city's salvation or its utter, irretrievable ruin is as yet on the knees of the gods. The ultimate decision, indeed, does not rest with Baltimore. It waits upon an answer to the question of whether any large American city can resist the centrifugal forces that tend to disject and destroy it as a city and reduce it to an amorphous congeries of suburbs, such as Los Angeles.

For a hundred years Baltimore has had to endure failure after failure until it became inured to defeat. It began with the devastation of its commercial satrapy, the South, by the Civil War, followed by the collapse of the financial structure of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the collapse of the jobber as middleman between manufacturer and retailer, the collapse of fast transatlantic mail and passenger service, and the collapse of coastwise shipping even to the Chesapeake Bay lines. Steel, chemicals and petroleum products flourished but they were controlled from other places. In March, 1966 the last but one, locally-owned department store was sold to Nebraska interests. In any sizable undertaking Baltimore enterprise seemed to be a consistent flop.

So when a group of some 150 to 200 business leaders – most of them young, or youngish, although the bellwether is a retired department-store executive already in his sixties – formulated their plans a little over six years ago, prompt and undeniable success was the one thing with which Baltimore was utterly unprepared to deal. True, their project was a relatively modest one: wreck 211 buildings covering 22 acres in the heart of the downtown business district and replace them with something in more shapely form at a cost of a hundred millions, give or take a dozen millions.

The elapsed time was estimated at 10 years, but in the first quarter of its sixth year the project is one-fourth completed and in operation, one-half under construction, and another eighth on the drawing boards. Initially the 22 acres were divided into 17 parcels, of which three now remain in the hands of the agency. Bids have been received for all three, but rejected because it was the judgment of the holders that the bidders could not, or would not, meet the rigid requirements for building in that area.

The contribution of the federal government consists of the erection of one office building to house some of its Baltimore agencies, plus reimbursement to the city of part of its expense in rebuilding streets and relocating utilities. The contribution of the city was about $10 million, which is viewed with complacence because the increase of tax revenues from the area – assuming no increase in the present rate – will be better than $2.5 million annually. Demolition proceeded gradually, so the city did not lose all revenue from the area during the renewal, but if it had, it would still get its money back in six or eight years. The financial success of the project, therefore, is assured even if the three remaining parcels remain unsold. There is, in fact, some sentiment favoring the city's retaining the three as small downtown parks, in addition to the three open spaces in the original plan.

The visible effects of this job are already impressive, but they are as nothing compared to the psychological effect on a comatose community. It is as if one had exploded a bomb on the island of the lotus eaters. The confusion is prodigious and the alarm considerable, but there has also been a genuine awakening among groups whose influence is out of all proportion to their numbers. Certainly among the most completely wide-awake – and perhaps also among the most startled – are the members of the Greater Baltimore Committee that launched the project. They had hopes, but no hopes of such rapid and complete success, and they are correspondingly emboldened. Now that private enterprise has succeeded with the Charles Center project to house private business, they are backing a three-times-larger project that will include a number of public buildings – one for the school board, a municipal office building, a new police headquarters and an office building for the Port Authority.

But the heart of the project, the breathtaking element, is the proposal to convert the inner harbor from the colossal cesspool that it is now into an ornamental water surrounded – except for a marina – by recreational, educational and residential facilities. The inner harbor, where the Bay boats used to land passengers from Philadelphia, Norfolk and Washington in the very heart of the city, is now almost valueless commercially. It is too shallow to receive the huge tankers and ore-carriers that serve the steel mills and refineries facing the outer harbor but, cleaned up, it would be a wonderful expanse for pleasure craft. The figures for the whole project are about 300 million and 20 years.

After Charles Center, the typical Baltimorean listens

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to that and doesn't bat an eye. That, not the rising mountains of steel and glass, is the real miracle.

For the municipal history of Baltimore is a fascinating demonstration in miniature of Toynbee's challenge-and-response theory of the life of a civilization. Three times the very existence of Baltimore has been sternly challenged. Twice the city overcompensated and flourished; but the third challenge was too much, and it slowly sank from second to sixth city and twelfth metropolitan district. The first challenge was the climactic war of the long struggle for national independence, the clash of 1812. Baltimore met the challenge by beating off the attack, and it overcompensated by developing the Baltimore clipper, originally designed as a blockade-runner, into a commerce raider so efficient that under letters of marque and reprisal it brought in spoils that founded several great Baltimore fortunes; and after the war, enlarged and strengthened, it became the clipper ship dominating the Asian trade to such an extent that a whole section of Baltimore is known to this day as Canton.

The second challenge came when the Cumberland Road – alias the National Pike, the first successful breach of the Appalachian massif barring the way to the West – was circumvented by "Clinton's ditch," from Buffalo to Albany and connecting the Great Lakes to New York by water. Baltimore's response was the railroad, the first built as a common carrier in America. It was overcompensation. Once the rails of the Baltimore and Ohio reached Wheeling, in what is now West Virginia, Baltimore's status as one of the great American cities was unquestioned.

What care though rival cities soar
Along the stormy coast,
Penn's town, New York, and Baltimore,
If Boston knew the most!

is no doubt a left-handed compliment, but the obvious wistfulness in Emerson's quatrain is nevertheless a compliment.

But the third challenge, the Civil War, was too much. Not only was Baltimore's primary market, the South, destroyed, but its secondary market, the West, was largely pre-empted by rivals because for four years the B & O had had to be used almost exclusively for troop movement, what time it wasn't being repaired after Confederate raids. Far worse, though, was the psychological damage. The handful of great mercantile houses that did not fold, survived by grimly hanging on to such fragments as were left. The safe four percent, the banker's ideal, became the ideal of all Baltimore businessmen. Its great entrepreneurs were now investment bankers, insurance executives and bondsmen. This money-changing it mistook for finance, disdaining the calculated risk that produces the large profit. Against the challenge of the St. Lawrence Seaway it had no response at all. But in a dynamic, fiercely competitive economy the safe four percent, well enough for a bank, is suicidal for a business community. By clinging to it Baltimore has successively lost its railroad, lost its wholesale houses, lost part of its shipping, lost its corporation home offices, lost ownerships of its department stores, and is now losing its population.

This last loss is, of course, common to all big American cities. The people have not left the area. They have simply moved to the outskirts – in the case of Baltimore, 700,000 of them – to become leeches, drawing sustenance from the central city and using its facilities without paying any part of the cost of their maintenance. Baltimore is exceptionally unfortunate, however, in that it is not only bled directly by its own suburbanites, but indirectly by another 700,000 clustered around the District of Columbia and diverting part of the resources of the state of Maryland that might otherwise accrue to the benefit of Baltimore. Nor has the city escaped any of the afflictions common to other large cities – a rotten-borough system as putrid as that of New York state and almost as bad as Michigan's, official corruption and political leadership that, allowing for a handful of startling exceptions, is so feeble that it makes a jellyfish seem like a fire-spitting dragon.

It is against these foes that the crusaders of the Greater Baltimore Committee have sallied out to battle. In Charles Center they have proved that the reconstruction problem can be solved, but they know that the solution merely opens the way to harder problems – mass transit, slum clearance, water and air pollution, police protection, etc., etc., etc., almost *ad infinitum*. They know that a successful attack on any of these calls first for a reorganization of the political divisions of the metropolitan area in such a way as to bring the full strength of a population of two million to bear upon the people's common problems.

Most important of all, they have at least adumbrated, if they have not clearly perceived, a truth that escapes the philosophy of the safe four percent. It is the truth that while men and women do visit the central business district to purchase ships, and shoes, and sealing wax, that is not their only, nor even their most compelling motive. They also come downtown in search of wonder and delight; and if these are not supplied, bargain sales alone cannot supply the lack. If part of the street crowds rejoice in statuary and vistas, and another part in saloons and strip-teasers, a successful city must appeal to them all, and monotony, even magnificant monotony, will not do it.

So they are placing among the office buildings in Charles Center the first legitimate theater erected outside of New York in 30 years; and they are searching ardently for a restaurant that will make Duncan Hines revise his standards upward.

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The Voyages of Elizabeth Bishop

by Frank J. Warnke

Ever since the publication of her first volume, *North and South*, in 1946, Elizabeth Bishop has been recognized as one of the leading poets of her generation. In that book, as in the augmented *Poems* of 1955, she demonstrated an easy mastery of the manner one can now recognize as typical of the poets who emerged shortly before the midpoint of our century: controlled, ironic, flexible, invincibly intellectual, that manner owed a great deal to the figures who had created modern poetry in the years shortly after 1914 – not only to such giants as Eliot, Stevens and Pound, but also, even more specifically, to John Crowe Ransom and Marianne Moore. The older generation had achieved an artistic revolution; the best poets of mid-century chose to consolidate the gains of that revolution. (And the wisdom of their choice is suggested by the contrast between their work and that of the now-forgotten Beats, who, trying to make a revolution without either stimulus or talent, ended not with a howl but a bleat.)

Questions of Travel
by Elizabeth Bishop
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $3.95)

Brevity, density, purposefulness and a technical skill so fully achieved as to be unobtrusive – these were the virtues most assiduously courted by the best poets of mid-century, and Miss Bishop had those virtues without seeming to try. Marianne Moore was clearly the most influential of her ancestors, but Miss Bishop's work, even at the first, asserted its individuality through its more lovingly sensuous texture and its substitution of a graver kind of wit for the older poet's eccentric archness. It distinguished itself also in its obsessive sense of place: a kind of passionate geography which seemed to be for her what a passionate natural history was for Miss Moore. Elizabeth Bishop's long-awaited new volume exemplifies all the strengths of her earlier work, but most of all those qualities in which her individuality has always resided. It is, as its title indicates, a volume devoted to the *poésie des voyages:*

> "Continent, city, country, society:
> the choice is never wide and never
> free.
> And here, or there – No.
> Should we have stayed at home,
> wherever that may be?"
> – "Questions of Travel"

Like Baudelaire, Miss Bishop is fascinated by the idea of the voyage and by the images of the exotic. Like that earlier poet-traveler Luis de Camoes (who supplies the dedicatory verse to the volume), she finds in the act of travel an expression of those impossible and deeply human

> ". . . demands for a different world,
> and a better life, and complete
> comprehension
> of both at last, and immediately. . ."
> – "Arrival at Santos"

Questions of Travel is divided into two roughly equal sections: "Brazil," made up of poems based on Miss Bishop's residence near Rio de Janeiro for the past 14 years, and "Elsewhere," made up of poems set in a variety of locales, including the Nova Scotia which figures in some of her earlier poetry. With the latter should be grouped "In the Village," an already-celebrated short story in which a series of half-understood childhood experiences are refracted through vivid sense-images which are implicitly recognized as having a more abiding significance than the abstractable content of the experiences. For one reader, at least, the story is less completely successful than many of the pieces in verse. For Miss Bishop's talent, it seems to me, is almost inseparable from her formidable sense of rhythm and poetic structure. Sometimes her effects are simple, even obvious, but achieved with a wonderful sureness of touch, as in the evocation of waterfalls in the opening lines of the title poem. At other times, as in the beautiful "Song for the Rainy Season," rhythmic modulations of exquisite subtlety contribute to making the poem something like a ritual.

A touch of ritual, indeed of magic, is often present in Miss Bishop's poetry, and its presence in work of such rational clarity is only seemingly paradoxical. For in her work, as in that of poets as different from her and from each other as the Metaphysicals of the 17th Century and the Romantics of the 19th, the vision of reality neither rejects nor regards as ultimate the claims of ordinary ratiocination. Thought, like physical vision, is valid and valuable, but it isn't everything. Miss Bishop's capacity for sensuous description is remarkable, and it has often been justly praised, but the least important of the poems in *Questions of Travel* are, I think, those such as

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"Twelfth Morning" or "Sandpiper," which seem to have pure description as their *raison d'être*. More typical, and more memorable, are those poems in which precise description is a point of departure rather than arrival. "Song for the Rainy Season" is an apostrophe to the fertility of the earth; "Manuelzinho" is a longish and gently comic sketch of a Brazilian peasant "half-squatter, half-tenant." "The Armadillo" is an account of "the frail, illegal fire balloons" which are festively sent aloft on the night of a saint's day. One of them falls, to the panic distress of the wild things – owls, an armadillo, a baby rabbit – whose life it disturbs. The final stanza, with deft delicacy, suggests the topical human relevance of the incident:

> "Too pretty, dreamlike mimicry!
> O falling fire and piercing cry
> and panic, and a weak mailed fist
> clenched ignorant against the sky!"

Like that of most good poets, Miss Bishop's achievement rests largely on a radical sense of the authority of metaphor. Repeatedly she astonishes and delights with similitudes uncovered by wit – that is to say, similitudes which are at once startlingly original and absolutely persuasive. Of the fire balloons in "The Armadillo," she writes, "the paper chambers flush and fill with light/that comes and goes, like hearts." Of a house in the rainy season, "with a wall for the mildew's/ignorant map." Of fallen hailstones in "Electrical Storm," more fantastically, "Dead-white, wax-white, cold – /diplomats' wives' favors/from an old moon party." Such metaphors are essentially conceits, and as such they imply the kind of poetic vision I referred to earlier – one which locates reality not solely in the phenomenal world but also in what the imagination can make of it. One of the longest poems in the volume is "The Riverman," an extravagant piece of fancy spoken by an Amazonian villager who has decided to be a river witch doctor. His bizarre experiences with the water spirits under the surface of the Amazon are recounted with a combination of matter-of-factness and wild but circumstantial invention which compels imaginative acceptance. Miss Bishop's Brazilian poems vividly render

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a world, and if that world is larger and more entertaining than anyone might observe by one's self, so much the better.

Questions of Travel is impressively varied in its forms and modes, ranging from the irregular but firmly controlled metrics of many of the Brazilian pieces to such strict forms as the folk ballad ("The Burglar of Babylon") and the sestina. As my emphasis has probably indicated, I find the Brazilian half of the book the more exciting, but one must surely note the poem which concludes the second half, "Visits to St. Elizabeths." Here, employing a nursery-rhyme structure on the house-that-Jack-built model, Miss Bishop presents a series of views of and attitudes toward "the poet, the man/that lies in the house of Bedlam." (This is, of course, Ezra Pound.) The device of incremental repetition, at once deeply primitive and supremely sophisticated, has seldom been used more masterfully, and Miss Bishop's feeling for adjectives, evident throughout the volume, manifests itself in the epithets which close each stanza: the "tragic man" early in the poem becomes, in successive recurrences, "the talkative man," "the honored man," "the old, brave man," "the cranky man," "the cruel man," and so on, until his final appearance as "the wretched man/that lies in the house of Bedlam." The poem is an act of sympathy, but the contradictory appellations reveal the completeness of the poet's perception – just as, in a larger context, the Brazilian poems achieve completeness by recognizing that the presentation of a real world requires imaginative transformation as well as observation. Elizabeth Bishop's achievement depends not only on her accomplished technique but also on what that technique embodies – a precise and inclusive vision of reality.

"Such a World, We Have to Live in It"

by Geoffrey A. Wolff

"Is there anything a Jew can do?" This question, and what happens to those who ask it, is the signature of Mr. Jacobson's novel. Tinged with irony, uttered with leaden inflections through the beard of a travel-weary old man in a strange country, the question summons the pain of experience with the single-minded attention of a man pushing the end of his tongue against a sore tooth.

The Beginners
by Dan Jacobson
(Macmillian; $6.95)

In context, the question is part of the fable of the Glickman family who inhabit *The Beginners*. Avrom, the patriarch, has returned to Europe from South Africa, to which he and his sons had fled, to accompany his wife and remaining children to the new land.

Against his chest, pressing him with their weight, are the fifty gold sovereigns that will pay for the family's passage. He has journeyed, among strangers, a long way and awaits the train that will carry him to his village in Lithuania. But sharing the platform with Avrom, whose life has been a weary catalogue of failures, and with his gold, which was saved over years pennies at a time by his sons Meyer and Benjamin is the tearful woman to whom the question is addressed. She has been robbed of her papers and money on her way to America with her two equally tearful children. Avrom gives her the gold. The act is performed with an inviolable inevitability, accompanied by a shrug and sigh, that nudges comedy. Avrom vanishes after ten or so pages, but his dilemma of failure, of intention turned from its course, is what binds the Glickmans, what turns them against one another, what motivates their endless, and fruitless, flights from what hedges them in. And enclosing the question, "Is there anything a Jew can do?", with its sharp insistence on the meanings of "anything," "can" and "do," is the further demand, What is a Jew?

Mr. Jacobson's collection of short stories, in the guise of a family epic, presents no answer to the question. There is no dearth of Jews among his

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Here are some of the contents and contributors in Issue Number 2: Adam Yarmolinsky and Richard E. Neustadt, on *Shadow and Substance in Politics;* George A. Miller, on *Thinking Machines: Myths and Actualities;* Martin E. Segal, on *The High Cost of Hospitals;* James Q. Wilson, on *Corruption: The Shame of the States;* Christopher Jencks, on *Is the Public School Obsolete?;* Victor R. Fuchs, on *The New Society: The First Service Economy;* Bennett M. Berger, on *Suburbia and the American Dream;* and Mr. Kristol, on *The Troublesome Intellectuals.*

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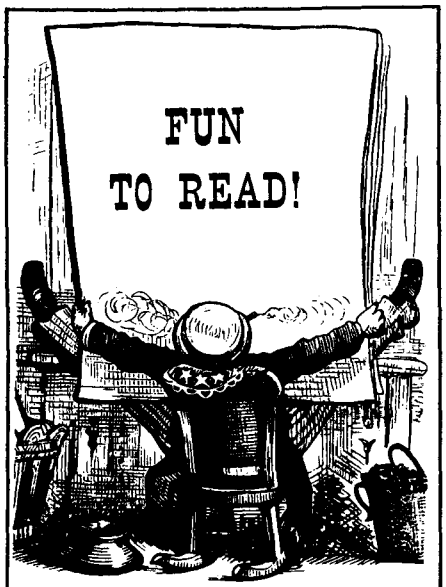

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overpopulated pages, certainly. The Glickman family tree spreads out in tangled branches, as though the author hoped that if he could describe all the world's Jewry, he might then be able to say what a Jew is.

And to the Glickmans he has added the Talmon family, their roots tangled together through the marriage of Sarah Talmon to Benjamin Glickman. One of the fruits of the marriage is Joel, the hero of the book, whom we follow in his wanderings from South Africa to Israel to London. We follow him as a soldier in World War II, as a student looking for Truth, as a Zionist, as an Absurdist, as a Socialist, as a failed lover and as a father. His labors and travels bring us, by the end of the novel, back to a rephrasing of his grandfather's hopeless question in Bremen decades before: What do you do about who you are? "Jews are always forced to generalize about their problems because they never know how much is Jewish in them – that is, how much is imposed or accidental in a way – and how much is common, ordinary, human, necessary. I mean Jews like me, of course; Jews who've been brought up in the Gentile world – not Jews like my grandparents were."

Joel's brother, David, and sister, Rachel, shuttle rootless, among the same lost ideals and disillusions. So do his father and his mother and his cousin and his friends. Their odysseys are never broken off, they simply end, no horizon of satisfactions or redemptions in sight.

As an epic, then, of the crises of ethnic identity, the book is honest to such a degree that it very nearly subverts its need to be dramatic. Weariness plays such a central role in the tale that its movement is in constant jeopardy of being throttled. The compressive techniques of good journalism, Mr. Jacobson's sure sense of the expressive qualities of the significant anecdote and his very obvious and very great interest in the people he tells of, assures that the story be quickened and refreshed throughout its tangled course.

But its failures are large, book-length failures as his successes are short-breathed individual triumphs of characterization or story-telling. He tries, and fails, to provide a panorama of South African politics and racism during this century. He fails for the reasons he always fails in this novel: he asserts without benefit of dramatic support. The rival parties, economic theories and liberal emotions that dominate his South Africa are fleshless things. He seems unable to relate a story that occurs beyond his immediate visual range, or to know that such a story might have significance.

His blacks are blank ciphers, the Negroes of a newspaper editorial and a rather weary one at that. He can describe the physical shabbiness of Israel in the 1940's, but he won't venture to essay the source of the failure of dreams unrealized. For Mr. Jacobson, a dream unrealized often seems a dream undreamt.

Large events, political reversals and racial legislation, the things that the novel's characters so often speak of in the upper case, are too much surface things. Mr. Jacobson seems to be looking for a neat book; he bends the random events of history beneath the weight of his resolve to be tidy.

He fails, too, to trace the pattern of the Glickman family and its concerns. He photographs splendidly their surfaces, but leaves us bereft of motive or interior design. Joel's mother hates his father. She shows her hatred cruelly, but we never learn its source. His sister hates *her* husband. We never learn why. Nor do we learn why the first husband of Joel's wife hated *her*. It is not enough to assume, in a long novel, that hatred is a condition of life, to shrug and merely go on to describe the visible fruits of hatred.

When Mr. Jacobson says Zionism or Racism, when he pronounces words so they sound capitalized, we are meant to respond quickly and our quick response is meant to suffice.

Still, the concerns of the book are concerns we must attend to. Failure is always worthy of our attention, even where it is imitated by the book in our hands. What do you do when things won't work? What happens when religion comes to seem absurd, when all lands seem foreign and all that is foreign is hostile? What do you think of when the thought of your family becomes unthinkable? Mr. Jacobson's myriad, abbreviated stories and essays can't tell a Jew if there is anything he can do, but they do illustrate what he

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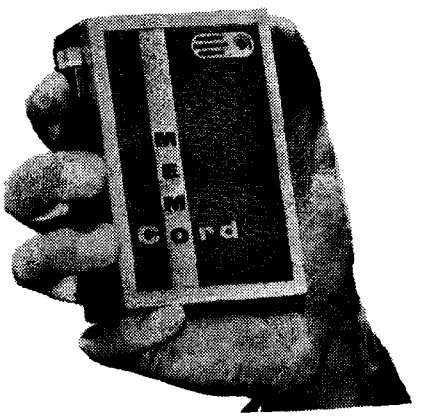

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fails to do.

And behind the failures to act, to explain, to consider, are the ovens at Buchenwald. They are never far from the novel's consciousness, and once, only once, they break forth with terrifying explicitness.

Joel's cousin, left in Lithuania because of old Avrom's answer on the platform in Bremen, tells Joel of his flight from the ovens during the war. He hid in the forest, eating raw meat from the carcass of a dog, roots, the bark from trees. He was taken in by a couple who hated him and taunted him until he threatened to kill them. The threat and its memory crippled him. The telling of the tale cripples Joel. The guilt of the survivor is heavy guilt indeed and beside it politics, nationalism and God may seem irrelevant.

Every character in the novel emphasizes the terrible toll we pay for our achievements when we are sole survivors. Joel, for a moment, has a vision of higher costs:

> "And the price of not achieving anything? . . . You think that's cheap? Believe me, it isn't. You pay, you pay anyhow."

Like Joel's uncle Samuel said, "It's a world, I tell you, it's such a world, we have to live in it."

FILMS

Love as a Joy or a Bore

Fairly high on the list of Life's Little Paradoxes is the matter of reaction to comedy. A film or play designed as a comic machine – to prod our ribs more or less incessantly – may jostle us into laughter quite often, yet leave us feeling depressed or even angry. A comic film like Philippe de Broca's *Male Companion* rarely makes us laugh, yet leaves us feeling exhilarated and – in an important, pleasurable way – sadder.

Male Companion
(International Classics)
Dear John (Sigma III)
The Group (United Artists)

De Broca, as I have said here before, is to me the most underrated French film-maker of the day. His comedies are not designed for wisecrack or guffaw, and they have almost no satirical edge. Sometimes there is a reference to a serious theme (*The Joker*), sometimes there is parody of conventional film forms (*That Man from Rio*). But essentially his films are embodiments of a feeling that every person over 35 knows and that keeps puzzling him; *"I am still young inside. I have not changed inside."*

"Not so young as we used to be," runs the tag. De Broca's films are about the youth we never were and always wanted to be: so joyous in adventure that – at the moment – such matters as social injustice and political oppression seem mere dismissable nuisances. (As they seem – at some moment or other – to everyone who has ever lived, including Mao Tse-tung.) And the sexual prodigality in these films is so innocent in its intensity that it seems pre-Adamic, without any tinge of greed, injury, or sin.

Male Companion, his latest work, made when he was 28, has a poor title. It suggests "gigolo," which the character is not. A better title would be *Luftmensch*. The hero simply wants to do nothing – except enjoy himself. In a film whose forebears are René Clair and Sacha Guitry, he moves from one unlikely pleasant adventure to another, always extricating himself from difficulty with the same charm that got him into the difficulty; living on or with people, usually wealthy, and paying his board with the good spirits that he evokes. His escapades take him from the countryside to Paris, to Rome, to London, back to the French countryside. It all starts with a dream; it ends with the same dream, which is fitting.

The leading role is played by Jean-Pierre Cassel for whom, as with other

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de Broca roles, it was conceived. De Broca has said that, when he was still an assistant director, he went to see a play in Paris called *Oscar*. (A version of this play was done recently in New York under the title *3 Bags Full*.) When he saw the juvenile, he said to himself, "If ever I make films of my own, I'm going to use him." It was Jean-Paul Belmondo. A few months later de Broca went back to see the actor again, but Belmondo had been replaced – by Jean-Pierre Cassel. Again de Broca made the same promise to himself. He has, as we know, kept it with both.

Cassel is even better suited than Belmondo to this director's films because (as de Broca has said) "grace" is what he is after in his films, and Cassel is physically and otherwise graceful. His several graces turn his sexual conquests into sexual adoptions. The girls and women seem to feel that it is By-Law Number One of the International Freemasonry of Females to protect and pamper this boyish enthusiast of sex. (The Oedipus motive is, of course, a two-way street. If the man looks in a girl for a touch of his mother, the girl is often pleased to be maternal.)

The script by Henri LaNoe, from a novel by André Couteaux, is almost satisfactory. Toward the end (the beach episode, for instance), one feels that the previously natural bubblings are being pumped a bit. The color photography by Raoul Coutard, although Catherine Deneuve has never looked so lovely, does not compare with that of Henri Decae in *Viva Maria!*

Still the film is almost sheer pleasure. To enjoy it even more, first see *Lord Love A Duck* by George Axelrod. After that generally revolting imitation of topical satire and sexual free-flight, made by a chromium-plated but fumble-fingered merchant of the ultra-smart, then one is trebly ready for de Broca. His gifts and, especially, his spirit are priceless. For he makes escape films: not from the reality of existence but from mortality.

From the truth of fantasy to fantasies of truth. Some of those who scoff at de Broca as piffle take seriously a Swedish film called *Dear John*. Excellently photographed by Rune Ericson, it tells of a week-end fling between the captain of a coastal steamer and a girl in a small port. She is a "nice" girl, reserved and sensitive: a waitress in a cafe and the mother of a small, illegitimate daughter. He is a considerably embittered divorcé, out for a night's tumble. He gets it, but he also finds True Love.

This old-fashioned, sentimental and superficial story – complete with healthy friskings in the sea and a trip to the zoo with the little girl – is given a patina of modernity and depth by sexual frankness and cinematic razzmatazz. Sample of the first: when the pair get back to the girl's house, she excuses herself to go to the bathroom; and we see her replacing her (now-empty) diaphragm case in her pocketbook. Or, there are jokes about hanging his semen-stained trousers in the window to dry.

As for the filmic disguise, the director, Lars Magnus Lindgren, is clearly an admirer of Alain Resnais, and his persistent intercutting of (unresonant) past material – to give texture to the present – is only a pretentious effort to add weight. If this story were told in straight time sequence, its thinness would be apparent. If the sexual content were implied instead of displayed, its "maturity" would evanesce.

For me, Lindgren's only substantial achievement was to make Jarl Kulle (the captain) fairly bearable. (Kulle was the critic in Bergman's *All These Women*.) From Christina Schollin, the girl, he gets a sufficiently pleasant performance.

The Group, adapted by Sidney Buchman from Mary McCarthy's novel and directed by Sidney Lumet, is another sentimental film with a scene about diaphragms. Dottie's visit to the lady doctor was one of the best scenes in the novel, full of small, ugly, funny indignities. The scene in the film is typical of the picture's relation to the book: a skimming to give a semblance of candor and depth.

The semblance is quickly transparent. The film is a laborious, candy-colored bore, cinematically frantic and clumsy. The only interesting element is Joan Hackett's performance as Dottie.

There is an analogy with the film of *Ship of Fools*. Neither novel was its author's best work. Both novels were infinitely better than the pictures made from them. Yet both novels seemed to reach their spiritual destinations in those films as if their good qualities were not integral and as if Hollywood, by stripping those qualities away, had revealed the books to be, fundamentally, big-picture concepts, not first-rank literary works.

But, even though that is my opinion, I was mightily struck by a remark of Lumet's in a London *Observer* interview. I quote it without comment. "*The Group* is a two-dimensional book, and the characters are cardboard cut-outs. . . . In the movie we haven't changed the plot, but we've put the humanity back." Stanley Kauffmann

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Notes on Contributors

Frank J. Warnke *is a professor of English at the University of Washington.* Geoffrey A. Wolff *is the book editor of* The Washington Post. Stanley Kauffmann's *book,* A World of Film, *which consists chiefly of reviews from this journal, will be published by Harper & Row on May 11.* Dr. Jeremy J. Stone, *whose essay appeared in the March 5 issue, wishes to be identified as a Research Associate at the Harvard Center for International Affairs. His book,* Containing the Arms Race: Some Specific Proposals, *will be published in May.*

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Turner at the Modern

You have to hand it to the Museum of Modern Art. When it comes to getting around an ideological barrier they're as deft as the Kremlin explaining that capitalist deviationism when practiced by themselves is really 20th-Century Communism, or as the Vatican, in next year's announcement that birth control is really a form of celibacy and therefore to be commended to the faithful.

The Museum is not quite as burdened with ideological deadwood as either of those sister institutions, not having been in business as long. But the one central doctrine, implied in the name of the place, is capable of giving as much trouble as Communism-in-one-country or no-salvation-outside-the-church. The doctrine, of course, is the primacy of the modern. The Museum exists by, for and of modern art, the whole of modern art and nothing but modern art.

The awful fact, on the other hand, is that the Museum, after all, is composed of people who do like good art, like to see it and, as professionals, work with it. You can't do another Picasso show until he's a hundred and even then there'll be reservations among the younger staffers. California has stolen Matisse with an unanticipated appropriateness – all that sunshine; and you can't really have another New American Painting show now that most of the New American Painters are rather old. The Guggenheim has staked out substantial claims to both Op and Pop and what does that leave the MOMA?

What it leaves, of course, is the past and MOMA has moved in with brilliance. The great thrust in that obvious direction was the enormous, glittering Monet show of a few years back. Due to circumstances of the time the show seemed a reasonable enough extension of the Museum's central doctrine, despite earlier assumptions that modern art only began in 1906 or 1904 or, at best, with Cezanne and the post-Impressionists. It is now clear that what the Museum was really doing was immersing itself in some gorgeous paintings for their own sweet sake and to hell with ideology.

The latest example is Turner, whose operations ended a few years before Monet's began. Turner has always been regarded as some kind of forerunner of Impressionism; in the scriptures of modern art there is a journey to London by Monet and Pissarro, who there saw Turner and new possibilities in their own art. The Modern's dialecticians could hardly be content with this mere adding of one more link to the chain. Turner, too, like Monet, has been discovered to be the real begetter of action painting, abstract expressionism and what you will in years to come. For the technique has been refined, now, so that no actual name is named as the vogue form really discovered by Turner; rather, in a nevertheless expert and stimulating catalogue essay by Lawrence Gowing, Keeper of British Painting at the Tate, we are assured simply that "a kind of painting, which is of vital concern to us, was anticipated by Turner. And by Turner alone; no one else before developed so far and with such devotion this special order of painting, which is so hard to define and yet so recognizable." This new rubric leaves the road ahead wide open; unlike poor Monet, prematurely reclassified as an abstract expressionist and therefore already old hat once more, Turner can turn out to be the father of anything that comes along, granted only that it is of "vital concern to us," and if it isn't that, why bother with it at all?

The fact remains, of course, that poor old Turner thought he was painting landscapes and seascapes, even airscapes at times. He labored under the

COMING
Joseph Featherstone
On the Life and Thought
of Charles Peguy

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delusion that, however much he dwelt upon the importance of artists' experience in the act of art, however much he admired the flow and thickness of paint, he all the same was painting pictures of storms at sea, of steam locomotives in the fog, of avalanches in the mountains. There was something in his pictures different from the flow of paint, random or impassioned, and different, too, from the quest for or the expression of his own identity, namely, the sea or the air in a certain, often agitated, state.

It is the agitation that he paints so magnificently in this great run of oils and water colors done in the twenty years before his death in 1851, and borrowed mostly from the three great collections, the British Museum, the Tate and the National Gallery, London. To these loans have been added a few of the great works in American collections, the "Burning of the Houses of Parliament" from Cleveland and another version from Philadelphia, the "Slave Ship" from Boston and the quite remarkable "Juliet and her Nurse," from Flora Whitney Miller.

In that latter, the celebrated teen-ager and her nanny are transported from Verona to Venice for reasons of atmospherics, which are then violated and transcended. The two women are on a rooftop in the lower right, overlooking St. Mark's Square. The golden domes of the cathedral and the campanile are bathed in sunlight; the piazza itself holds a nighttime crowd upon whom, from roughly the area of Florian's, spills a flood of interior light. In the far distance a rocket bursts against night sky. Yet so beautifully modulated are the changes from one to another that it is only on deliberate thought that we object, and even then the objection is only pro forma. The changes themselves are entrancing.

There is action in the paint indeed. Its physical existence becomes part of the picture in a way extremely rare – though not altogether unknown – in earlier art. And the manner of its application is also present in the finished product. Paint is present in thick skeins, in scrapings off, in broad applications of knife and brush. Yet the image remains. More than that, the manner of the paint corresponds beautifully to the mood of nature being evoked: the floating, breathless quality of a water color of a quiet dawn, the whirl and roar of the deluge or the avalanche. You also receive an odd impression: that the later artist most nearly recalled by these magnificent Turners is neither an Impressionist nor one of those "of vital concern to us" now, but, of all people, Monticelli, who used paint in much the same way, though their pictures are entirely different in almost all other respects.

More than anyone before or since, Turner opened landscape painting to the pantheist assumption that nature is a person of some sort, with great power, force, will, soul, moods, temperament, the whole paraphernalia, and nothing emerges more forcefully from the show than that conviction, magnificently painted. Frank Getlein

Correspondence

The New Left

Sirs:

The New Republic deserves the hearty thanks of the young radicals for its concluding article on "The New Left" by Paul Seabury ("Gideon's Army and Moynihan's Pros," March 19). What a perfect example of the failure of the "establishment" as described by the young. . . . He attempts to make the contrast that the radicals of the thirties sought power and the innocents of the New Left disclaim it. What has he been reading at Harvard's Center of International Affairs? Has he not heard of the Mississippi Freedom Democratic Party and their bid for power in that state? Has he not heard of the "peace" candidates this fall? Has he not heard of SDS's call for a third party to challenge the stagnant consensus of the half-great society? Has he not heard of the efforts of the Student Nonviolent Coordinating Committee and the Students for a Democratic Society to challenge the power structure of the "skirmish on poverty" with groups and leaders stimulated by their activists in the field? Has he never heard of Julian Bond? The new radicals do not "exalt powerlessness" as Seabury claimed;

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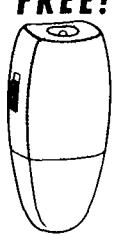

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rather knowing that power corrupts when too much is given to one man or one group, they seek to involve everyone in the decision-making and the leaders that naturally filter to the top try to train others so that their own leadership will not be perpetuated. These efforts at a *real* democracy are idealistic and sometimes frustrating, but rather this than the materialism and pragmatism given to us by "the comforters" in Washington.

Seabury criticizes the New Left for not reciting the proper holy litany before making their criticism of our society: this litany that says that China is evil (as evil as Russia used to be evil or Germany before that), Ulbricht is nasty, the Soviet purges of the thirties were unforgivable, down with Castro, and all the rest of it. . . . It is exactly this kind of litany recited over and over by liberals that has caused the brainwashing that finds Hubert Humphrey and Lyndon Johnson and all the others supporting the Bay of Pigs invasion, the Dominican Republic invasion and Vietnam. If one insists on the total evil of the other side, then of course this evil excuses whatever we do to "combat" it, for the national interest becomes the only morality.

Seabury quotes with seeming approval Mr. Moynihan's claim that "Washington professionals" discovered poverty, that community-action programs carried on by the poor was an "invention of professional bureaucrats." Surely, he should be aware of SDS and SNCC projects formed along these lines many months before the New Frontier even began to read *The Other America* by Michael Harrington, and that their concepts of participatory democracy were being practiced among the poor long before Shriver started holding badly organized and carelessly thought out elections among the poor. . . .

Charles T. Gregory
Fort Wayne, Indiana

Paul Seabury's comments on the New Left seem to me a surpassing example of the kind of thinking John F. Kennedy would have described as that of an "idealist without illusions."

I would like to correct one possible misunderstanding of my article "The Professionalization of Reform," which appeared in the first issue of *The Public*

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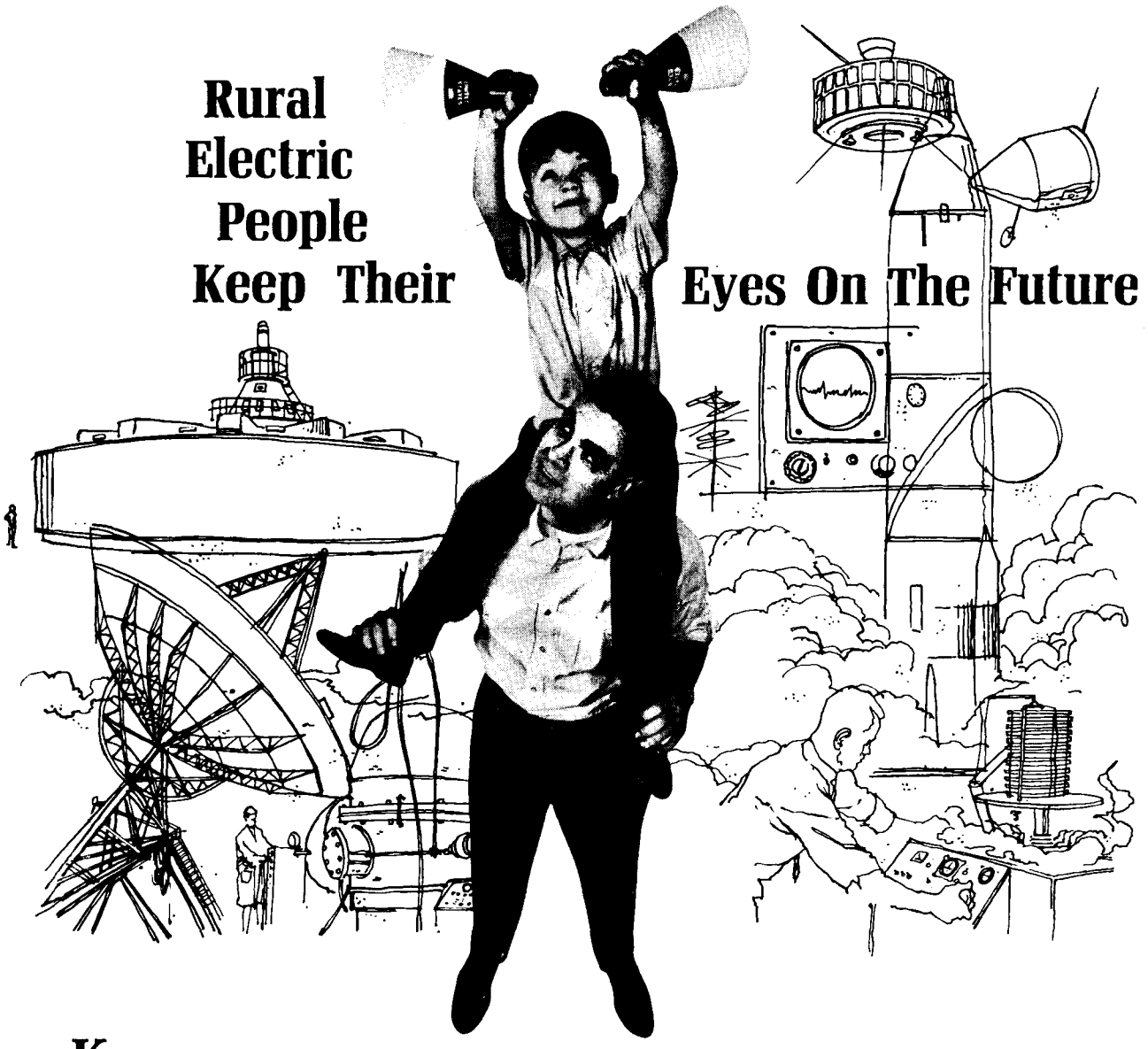
Rural Electric People Keep Their Eyes On The Future



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Interest. I suggested that three events were converging so as to create an initiative towards social reform independent of the actions of those in whose interests such reforms might be carried out. These events are the econometric revolution, the professionalization of the middle class, and the exponential growth of knowledge. Together they provide the money, the expertise, and the data that generate action.

The provision in the Economic Opportunity Act of 1964 calling for the "maximum feasible participation of the poor" was, to be sure, originated with "bureaucrats" in the first instance. (Some suspicion points to Frank Mankiewicz, but there is no proof. The phrase was in the very first draft of the Act which was written overnight by Norbert Schlei after a meeting in Sargent Shriver's office in February, 1964.)

However, the idea was explicit in all the programs financed on Juvenile Delinquency and Youth Offences Control Act of 1961, which derived in large measure from Ford Foundation "demonstration projects" (for which read experiments). These in turn were stimulated by the writings of Robert K. Merton and Lloyd Ohlin, drawing upon Durkheim. The point being that professional persons made professional judgments that the poor should be involved. That is what professions do: they know best. Alas.

Daniel P. Moynihan
Center for Advanced Studies
Wesleyan University

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I asked Peg Parkinson, one of our editors, to read the manuscript right away. When I poked my head in her office late in the day, she was just turning over the last page. Very quietly she said, "Wow." That evening it was read by my wife and partner, Patricia Day, who is a cool one about incoming manuscripts. She stayed up very late that night. The next morning she asked simply, "How fast can we bring it out?"

After I read it, to confirm the rapidly spreading excitement in our company I sent the manuscript out to specialists in the field of psychology. Dr. Harris B. Peck, Director of Mental Health Services of the Albert Einstein College of Medicine, wrote us that *Advice from a Failure* was full of "profound wisdom," handled with "delicacy and tact." Dr. Molly Harrower, Professor of Psychology at the New School for Social Research, called *Advice from a Failure* "A challenging book, exceptionally well written. The intelligent reader cannot help but benefit from it." Dr. Saul Scheidlinger of the Community Service Society in New York reported *Advice from a Failure* is "Refreshingly different... Every intelligent reader is bound to profit from it, rich as it is in wisdom, sensitivity, and compassion."

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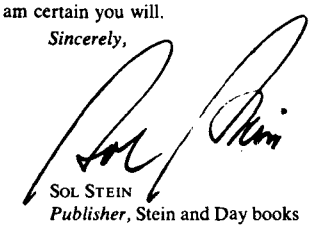

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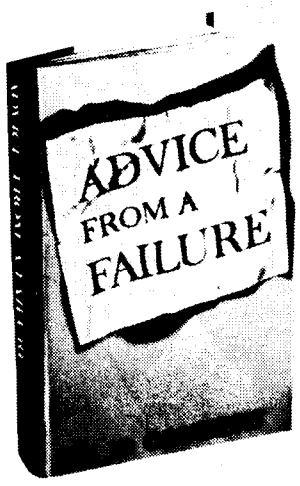

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